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New Republic

THE AUSTRIAN NAZIS COME BACK

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

A SUBURB ON STILTS: LE CORBUSIER'S EXPERIMENT

By JEAN-PAUL CARLHIAN

"THE UNIVERSE OF G. B. S."

Reviewed by JAMES STERN

THE PRESS AND NEW YORK'S ELECTION

By HAROLD L. ICKES

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New Republic

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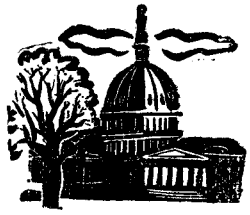
WASHINGTON WIRE

DROPPING INTO WASHINGTON this week is His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi Shahinshah of Iran. The Shah has just turned 30, is unmarried, plays tennis, has one brother out of Harvard and another presently at the University of Michigan, and 90 percent of his 15 million subjects are illiterate, living at subsistence level. The Shah will spend the last week of his month's stay here skiing at luxurious Sun Valley, Idaho.



Americans from now on might as well get used to these Arabian Nights figures. Sitting on the atom bomb, which is a kind of Great Roc's egg, the US lives in its own Arabian Nights world. Iran is in the uncomfortable position of having oil, which American tycoons want, and of blocking the path to the Indian Ocean, which Russian commissars want. Besides this, the home folks are unhappy. Just as a sort of political hint to the Shah, his Minister of the Palace was bumped off mysteriously the other day. If His Imperial Majesty can get fun out of Sun Valley under these various circumstances his nerves are better than ours.

Trade-union periodicals have been springing up all over America and the reason is largely that they will print news the commercial papers won't. One of the best is *Labor*, the Railroad Brotherhoods' weekly. Two weeks ago it published in detail a story the average newspaper wouldn't touch with a pole. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, you recall, has been buying advertising space like mad to attack the government's anti-trust suit against it. It may have spent $5 million on the campaign. In many a community, chain-store advertising is what pays the freight on the local newspaper. Well, an anti-A&P group of small grocers, the National Federation of Independent Business, Inc., countered with a modest advertising campaign to tell its side of the story. What happened? In Washington, three of the four local papers—the *Star*, *Times-Herald* and *Post*—refused the advertisement; only the Scripps-Howard tabloid, the *News*, would take it.

As we said, *Labor* published the story of the boycott, also commented upon by Don Hollenbeck in his "CBS Views the Press" program. Was this news for other papers? Not at all. They ignored it. But then the Democratic National Committee (which, of course, backs the Justice Department) denounced the "censorship" in its weekly publication, *Capital Comment*. This was pretty hard to ignore, and now commercial newspapers are reluctantly taking notice.

An amusing angle of the affair relates to the arch-conservative New York *Sun*. It has been running David Lawrence's Right-thinking column for 20 years. By some mental deviation impossible to explain, Lawrence felt that the Justice Department's version of the case deserved attention, and he devoted his space to the government's reply by Attorney General McGrath. For the first time in 20 years Lawrence's column didn't appear that day in the *Sun*.

This business of political advertising by trusts and monopolies has an economic background. Federal income tax on corporate profits is normally around 38 percent and the law permits companies to charge these ads to "business expenditures." So, in fact, the government pays for 38 percent of such advertising. The same thing held true for the huge advertising campaign US Steel put on against the union in the late strike.

Out in Ohio Bob Taft is running for the Presidency as hard as he can run. Ostensibly it's the 1950 Senatorial

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election he's interested in, but that's only the first hurdle; the Presidential contest of '52 will mark his supreme political effort. He was aided in two ways by last week's election. Dewey's prestige took a licking in New York. And in Ohio a gimmick was apparently approved amending the state ballot to make it impossible to vote the straight party ticket by a single cross. A lot of Democrats formerly did that under the banner of popular Governor Lausche. Now they can't. Taft forces say this means an extra 100,000 votes for him next year. If the Democrats have any real intention of beating Taft for Senator, they'd better decide on a candidate quick.

Notes. Bitter as the US is toward Chinese Reds, it's not unlikely we'll recognize the Communist government of China in a year or so. The prospect is that Britain will do so in January, then competitive US firms will go to bat with Congress to follow suit. . . . The new Interior Secretary, Oscar Chapman, has as much political savvy as any man close to Truman and mixes it with strong New Dealism. When the first 1948 Truman round-the-circle swing started with the fiasco at Omaha, Nebraska, where only 1,200 people showed up in the 12,000-seat auditorium, Chapman was called in and served as advance man for the rest of the campaign; as much as anyone he got the party machine running again. . . . Congratulations to Norman Thomas, 65 on November 20. . . . James Byrnes, former Secretary of State, unfurls his anti-Administration banner at a convention at Biloxi, Mississippi, next week. Objective: to make Dixiecrats "respectable."

There's more and more talk of its being Taft v. Eisenhower to run against Truman in '52. Most observers think President Stassen of the Republican University of Pennsylvania has outsmarted himself out of the running. . . . Just finished Mrs. R's fascinating new book, and what a First Lady she was! Where Martha Washington was serving tea for George, Eleanor was down a coal mine for Franklin.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Liberty and Imperialism

SIR: More and more of us over here are becoming worried by the growing signs of fascism in your country—the mob attacks on Robeson . . . the Medina trial, etc. The *New Republic* is fighting this nobly—at home. But you seem to be supporting to an increasing extent the expansionist foreign policy of the State Department. . . . If you acquiesce in United States imperialism abroad, you will, sooner or later, find your whole maintenance-of-civil-rights campaign at home undermined. . . .

London, Eng. JOHN LYONS

The Indian Bureau

SIR: The recent attempt of Harold L. Ickes (the *NR*, October 24) to smear the Indian Bureau for not thwarting the will of Congress when it amended the Navajo-Hopi rehabilitation bill is somewhat beyond my comprehension. According to *my* Constitution, the Congress is the principal legislative authority of the United States.

He suggested that I resign in pique just because I couldn't have my way with Congress.

He also insinuates that only crooks and wicked politicians come from New Mexico. I cannot deny that I was acquainted with Senator Clinton Anderson from the same state, although in truth I must admit I had met him just once for a few moments in my office at State College before I took office here, at which time nothing was said concerning Indians or Indian affairs. I must also plead guilty to having been a citizen of the state of New Mexico for over a year and a half before coming to Washington. I went there after 13 years of residence in Idaho—which may or may not partially redeem me in the eyes of Mr. Ickes. Or, it might only explain how I learned to handle hot potatoes.

I do not believe that the long-range bill for the rehabilitation of the Navajo and Hopi tribes proposed by the Department was unnecessary, as the bill provided for (1) extensive loan funds not otherwise available except as taken from the amounts available to all other tribes; (2) long-term leasing provisions not now extant; (3) more tribal autonomy in the use of their tribal funds; and (4) added self-government features not now possessed by the Navajos and Hopis.

One of the major purposes of the bill was to place before the Congress in an integrated form a comprehensive long-range program of Navajo-Hopi rehabilitation. The Congress had directed that such a program be submitted in the Act of December 19, 1947, which instructed the Secretary of the Interior "at the earliest practicable date to submit to the Congress his recommendation for necessary legislation for a long-range program dealing with the problems of the Navajo and Hopi Indians."

My plea is that all those interested in the welfare of Indians—and Mr. Ickes is indeed one of those persons—should be willing to make concrete and practical suggestions for the solution of the difficulties of those tribes who face no small amount of deprivation and destitution this winter. Only thus, in my opinion, can the cause of Indians as a minority group of our citizenry be constructively forwarded.

JOHN R. NICHOLS,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Commissioner Nichols' letter to you is strangely enlightening. I had always thought that the Constitution, in giving the President the veto power, had thereby given him at least a measure of control over legislation. But I bow to the greater erudition of Mr. Nichols, and if *his* Constitution does not say anything about the President's veto power, then, of course, he had no right to use it, and Mr. Nichols was entirely right in insisting that the President sign into law the disreputable Navajo-Hopi "Rehabilitation" bill, as he so strongly did up to the last minute. But since the President did interpose his veto, then Commissioner Nichols' quarrel is with him, and not with me. However Mr. Nichols may feel about it, I suspect that a more sensitive man might regard this veto, which was in total disregard of Mr. Nichols' advice, as an expression of the President's lack of confidence in his Indian Commissioner, which another might regard as a cue for a resignation.

Mr. Nichols' total abstention from his office, as the result of his resignation, would hardly be noted by his fellow employees, because since his appointment he has spent so little time there that he is scarcely known by sight.

I have known some fine people, political and otherwise, in New Mexico. I would not suggest, even to make a point that is not a point, that "only crooks and wicked politicians" come from that state. Of course, it has its proportionate share of such gentry, as it also has of misfits and incompetents in public office.

Washington, D. C. HAROLD L. ICKES

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VOLUME 121, NUMBER 21, ISSUE 1825, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 21, 1949 **New Republic**

THE MEANING OF THE ELECTIONS

OUR EFFECTIVE national leaders in America have been those who were able to discover the "centripetal ideas" of their times, the points of agreement that would give cohesive force to a wide combination of groups. The 1949 elections indicate that the "welfare state" has become such an idea. The 1950 elections and the next session of Congress will give President Truman two excellent opportunities to test its power.

All three of the elections for national office on November 8 were fought on a clear-cut pro- and anti-Fair Deal basis. The Lehman-Dulles campaign for the Senate from New York and the special elections for Congress from San Francisco and Brooklyn were all won by outspoken supporters of the welfare-state principle against men who decried "statism" and predicted the end of individual liberty if the Fair Deal was continued in office. In spite of a variety of peripheral distractions and one of the dirtiest campaigns of the century, Herbert H. Lehman was elected Senator from New York with a comfortable margin. AFL leader John Shelley became the first Democrat ever to represent the 10th California District in the House. And Mrs. Edna Kelley, running for the House of Representatives, polled more in the 10th District of New York than her two opponents combined. Unquestionably, the progressive tide was running even stronger this year than when Harry Truman was elected last November, for in none of these cases was the turnout of voters heavy. In New York, the total of slightly less than five million votes cast was approximately the same number as in the election in which the Democrats lost the state in 1946.

Labor, it has now been proved, is capable of sustained political work for an ideal as well as a personality. Organized labor was the decisive factor in all three of last week's national elections. The desire to defeat John Foster Dulles, opponent of nearly everything that labor stands for, was strong enough in New York to bring about a minor miracle, actual organizational unity between the New York State AFL and CIO for campaign purposes. In dozens of local contests, labor's political action paid off heavily. Democratic mayors were elected to replace Republicans in eight GOP strongholds of upstate New York, including Syracuse, Binghamton and Geneva, largely because of concentrated union activity beginning early in the campaign. Registration in the industrial centers of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio reached record levels for non-presidential years, partly because of labor drives in the last twelve months. One result was that the New Deal Mayors of Pittsburgh and Cleveland—David Lawrence and Tom Burke—rode to reëlection with substantially larger majorities than ever before. Workers appear to be identifying their best interests with the welfare state as definitely as they did with the Roosevelt policies.

When the corrupt Republican machine of Philadelphia tried to fight off the reformers who were closing in on four key municipal offices, charging that the reform candidates were "Communist stooges" for the Fair Deal, Philadelphians refused to be frightened, and overflowed the polls to vote for the Democrats. When the Republican Governor of New Jersey, on the record, looked more like a Fair Dealer than the machine Democrat who was trying to get his seat, New Jersey stuck by Governor Driscoll.

Honest Republicans agree that the issue on November 8 was the welfare state, Governor Dewey's equivocations notwithstanding. And they frankly admit that they are deeply fearful for their future. "The voters have made it clear that they don't like our product," one high GOP official privately put it. "We won't get anywhere until we get a new one. And we must start by getting a new type of candidate for Congress, with new ideas to offer." Republicans who think this way tantalize themselves with dreams of a new Willkie. Most often today their dreams center on Dwight D. Eisenhower. They are thinking of the same kind of expensive public-relations campaign that produced the "spontaneous" Willkie movement. Money for this romantic adventure will not be lacking, though the official Republican treasury may be emptied. But having seen what happened to Dulles, General Ike may shy away from the GOP project as he did from a similar Democratic approach when he thought that party was on the skids.

In rushing to defend the line Dulles followed in the campaign, even Tom Dewey and Harold Stassen seem

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to be abandoning the so-called "me too" style of Republicanism, which endorsed Democratic policies but said that the Republicans should carry them out. GOP National Chairman Guy Gabrielson, speaking for the Taft branch of the Republican family, insists that the "principles which Senator Dulles expounded in his campaign are those which will ultimately prevail because they are right."

President Truman and the Democratic Party could ask nothing better than that the Republicans should stick to this position for the next year. With the lines clearly drawn and the meaning of these latest elections plain for all alert politicians to read, the going should be easier for the Truman program in Congress after January, and chances good that the Democrats, at the very least, will retain control of Congress after the mid-term elections.

An unusually large number of Representatives, more than in either of the two previous Congresses, were elected to the 81st Congress by small margins. One hundred and ten of the 435 members of the House won by five percent of the vote or less. In 99 districts in 25 states party control has shifted in each of the three last elections. Many Congressmen desperately need to know the direction of the political wind if they are to survive another trial by ballot. President Truman should find his prestige with this "marginal" group improved since November 8.

Democratic chiefs believe this fall's victories will help stoke the party fires for next year by inspiring local workers to greater efforts and campaign contributors to greater generosity in the expectation of even more victories to come. The 58 House seats held by Republicans who won by no more than five percent of the vote in 1948 will be prime Democratic targets for '50. The door will also be wide open for Fair Deal supporters to run in the primaries against any of the 52 "marginal" Democrats who have not stood by the President's program.

A major difficulty in 1950 will be that, with campaign money plentiful and prospects good, bright young progressives will find it harder to get the chance to run on local Democratic tickets. The organization hacks who couldn't be bothered when things looked black in 1948 will be "available" this time. The Democratic program is not so strong that it can carry bad candidates into office.

With good management by the White House and hard work by the various forces which together produced the Truman success last year, the Democrats can advance an important distance in 1950. Those statistical politicians, like Louis H. Bean of the Department of Agriculture, who have forecast a rising Democratic trend beginning with 1947 are looking at their past work with renewed confidence. Bean's prediction of last year that "the Democrats—or their equivalents—will control more than 70 percent of the seats in the Lower House and dominate our political life during the last half of the 1950s" still stands.

The "welfare state" having been proved a vote-getter as well as a sound philosophy, the present Truman coalition is capable of growing into a revitalized Democratic Party strong enough to guide us for years to come.

THE WEEK

LEHMAN'S VICTORY

The victory of Herbert H. Lehman over John Foster Dulles is positive evidence of labor's growing professionalism in politics. Governor Lehman made an exceptionally strong showing in upstate cities and in metropolitan New York, where he scored the amazing plurality of 783,917 votes, but he did not carry a single rural county. It was political organization work by labor which carried the upstate cities for the Democrats. For the first time the state CIO and AFL were working with maximum effect through a joint political committee in support of both Lehman and Mayor O'Dwyer. Without the more than 400,000 votes for Lehman-for-Senator cast on the Liberal Party line by thousands of ILGWU members in New York City, among others, Lehman obviously would not have won at all.

The intervention of the Catholic Church against Lehman, and the irresponsible conduct of the American Labor Party in urging its members to be half-citizens and cast no votes in the election for Senator, combined to reduce the total vote for Lehman to considerably below what is probably true Democratic voting strength in New York State today. The actual measure of the majority for the Democrats in New York is probably somewhere between the 430,000 margin of Judge Charles W. Froessel, in an uncomplicated statewide race for the Court of Appeals, and the 196,000 margin by which Lehman was elected. The fact that Mayor O'Dwyer ran 100,000 votes ahead of Lehman on the Democratic line in New York City is some indication of the extent of the Catholic boycott against Lehman for his defense of Mrs. Roosevelt on the issue of federal aid to education.

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Republican strength in New York City sank to an unprecedented low, with only 571,000 votes cast for the GOP candidate for Mayor. The Republican vote for Dulles-for-Senator exceeded party support for progressive young Newbold Morris, also candidate for Mayor on the Liberal and Fusion tickets, by more than 200,000 votes, apparently because thousands of New York City Republicans could not stomach his liberalism.

Perhaps the most significant feature of all in New York was the tremendous increase in the independent vote. More than 800,000 ballots were cast for other than the two major parties. The Liberal Party alone increased its share of the total vote from seven percent in 1948 to 17 percent this year. The figures show that there is no longer a Democratic-machine majority in New York City.

THE BOSSES

A final nail has been driven in Boss Frank Hague's coffin, and two of the last three formidable city machines still in operation have been dealt powerful blows. Boss Hague did not give up when his candidate to succeed him as Mayor of Jersey City was rejected last year. But now even the boss admits that when Hudson County, for the first time since 1920, goes against a Hague-picked Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, it is time for him to quit.

The majority of organized labor refused to support the hack Democrat, Elmer Wene, whom Hague was sponsoring. Republican Governor Alfred Driscoll, on the strength of his generally progressive record, looked more like a Fair Dealer than his opponent. The Democratic National Committee took no interest in the Wene-Hague campaign and was privately relieved when Driscoll won. The Catholic Church, pro-Wene because he was pro-bingo, helped increase the total Democratic vote in the state as a whole over last year.

Boss Hague's aging counterpart in Boston, James M. Curley, Democratic boss of Boston for more than 40 years, has also been given a mandate to retire. Boston's new Mayor, former City Clerk John Hynes, likewise a Democrat, defeated Curley under such confused circumstances, however, that it is difficult to tell how much improvement the change will really mean for that city.

But the reform victory in Philadelphia is a clear cause for rejoicing. Richardson Dilworth and a slate of three other Democrats trounced all four of the Republican "row office" holders up for reëlection on a straight issue of "throw the rascals out." The unimportant-sounding posts of City Comptroller, City Treasurer, Register of Wills, and Coroner have been the vantage points from which corrupt Republican city organizations have robbed and plundered for years. With Dilworth, chairman of the Philadelphia Chapter of Americans for Democratic Action, and a thoroughly reputable group of new men in these jobs, it will now be possible to continue the investigations into crookedness in high Philadelphia places from the inside. Labor-liberals, good-government-minded Democrats and Republicans, and even such guardians of Republicanism as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Bulletin* joined forces to elect the reform ticket.

The victory will strengthen the local Democratic organization, which has been short on workers and patronage for years past, with consequent benefit to the Democrats in the statewide elections next year. The probability that Senator Francis Myers (D) will be chosen to succeed himself is considerably strengthened. Rival GOP factions in Pennsylvania, headed by former Governor Edward Martin and incumbent Governor James Duff, now have more cause than ever to fight among themselves. But even taking into account the smashing victory of Democratic Mayor David Lawrence in his campaign for reëlection in Pittsburgh, President Truman's party is far from a sure thing in Pennsylvania in 1950. In the only statewide contest in this election, for a superior-court judgeship, the Republican candidate was the winner.

JIM CROW IN COURT

Six years after it clearly ruled that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—an all-white union—and the railroad industry could not write Jim Crow contracts, the Supreme Court is still being obliged to spend entirely too much time listening to arguments on the subject.

In the latest hearings the Court was required to pass on the technicality of whether the US Court for the District of Columbia has the authority to enjoin the Brotherhood from practising racial discrimination. Supporting the claim of 21 Negro firemen, the Supreme Court held that such an injunction is proper.

The plaintiffs said that the Brotherhood and three Southern railroads had negotiated agreements in which Negro firemen were classified as "not promotable." The effect of the agreements, it was asserted, was that Negroes were displaced by white firemen with less seniority. Patiently Justice Jackson explained that the Court's rulings of six years ago in the Steele and Tunstall discrimination cases meant what they said, that labor unions could not bargain away the rights of racial groups. The Court ordered the immediate reinstatement of the original injunction obtained by the 21 Negroes against the Brotherhood and the Southern, Seaboard and Atlantic Coast Lines.

Other Jim Crow cases before the Court are:

¶ A petition for an order compelling the University of Oklahoma to provide truly equal facilities to Negro law student G. W. McLaurin, who

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now learns his lessons by listening in from a room outside the white boys' classroom.

¶ A petition by Heman Marion Sweatt, another Negro law student, asking similar action at the University of Texas law school, which mocks the spirit of the Constitution by keeping Sweatt out of the white classrooms and instructing him in a private three-room school in the basement.

SETTLEMENT IN STEEL

With more than 400,000 of America's half-million basic steel workers back at their jobs, we can look forward to full production again within the next three weeks. Temporarily, at least, the industry will be operating at a higher level than before the strike, when production was at only 85.6 percent of capacity.

It will take months, even operating at 100 percent of capacity, to make up for the loss of the seven million tons of steel products which normally would have been turned out. And it will be another four to six weeks after a full supply of steel is available before the automobile and other industries relying heavily on steel material will be back to normal.

Big Steel's refusal to agree to the findings of the Presidential fact-finding board on a fair settlement of the union's 1949 demands has caused unnecessary suffering to hundreds of thousands of workers and their families and has crippled American industrial production at a time when the country could ill afford any further slowdown in its economy. The United States Steel Corporation, the giant of the industry, must bear the major responsibility. The validity of the CIO request for $100-a-month pensions for steel workers to be paid entirely by the company, and for a welfare fund to be jointly financed by employers and employees, is further documented by the latest reports of corporate profits for 1949, showing that US Steel, for example, earned $133 million in the first nine months of this year, 51 percent above the same period in 1948 and three percent more than *total* earnings for 1948. By holding out against settlement for six full weeks, US Steel placed itself in the ridiculous position of having to follow the lead of minor producers in the industry instead of showing the way.

United Steelworkers President Philip Murray comes out of the encounter with the steel companies a substantial victor: he has made American labor history with the first non-contributory industrywide pension plan, and thereby has improved his own position of leadership in the CIO. President Truman, too, has gained; the strike has been settled without injunction and the President has proved that he knew what he was talking about in declaring that the Taft-Hartley Act is not needed.

CHAPMAN FOR KRUG

President Truman has been strong in pressing new ideas but often weak in picking men to carry them out. His prompt nomination of Oscar Chapman to succeed Julius Krug departs from that pattern. It adds another proved liberal to the Cabinet and demonstrates that Truman means to push ahead with resource development in the next two years.

Chapman was the unofficial manager of Truman's 1948 campaign, and in this sense his appointment is a political reward. But as a veteran of more than 16 years in the "Little Cabinet" as Assistant Secretary and later Undersecretary of the Interior, he comes to his post with more experience than any Cabinet member except Postmaster General Donaldson. He has supervised the affairs of every bureau and office of the Department. He is a strong conservationist. For a long time he has been one of the leading officials in government to whom Negroes have turned for day-to-day enforcement of civil rights.

Chapman, unlike Krug, is a Westerner and, unlike Krug, who neglected his job for the past year, Chapman's whole heart is in his work. He does not relish a fight as Harold Ickes did, but he will restore to the Department the incorruptible spirit of Ickes, putting the full force of the Department behind irrigation projects for Western agriculture and public-power projects for Western industry.

THE UN AND THE ATOM

The United Nations is working hard on the problem of atomic energy these days. That fact perhaps justifies a limited degree of optimism; but, if so, it is the only one.

Russia and the Western powers are still as far apart as ever. It is true that Vishinsky accepted the idea of periodic inspection of the USSR's atomic installations by a UN agency; but in doing so he merely repeated an offer made two and a half years ago, and accompanied, then as now, by unacceptable conditions. Russia still wants ownership by the individual nation of the means and materials for atomic explosives. The Western majority still insists that atomic weapons are too dangerous to be entrusted to the good faith of individual nations.

Vishinsky's speeches of Thursday and Saturday of last week, taken together, did a good deal of damage to the effort to find a compromise. His casual, off-hand discussion of Russia's present activities and his admission to newspapermen that his only source of information was Tass dispatches threw great doubt on his sincerity and on Russia's desire to come to any sort of agreement at this time. More than ever, it seems that compromise proposals must come from the smaller powers in the UN, and must be along the line of the suggestions made in the *New Republic* for November 7: that atomic weapons should be "checked" with the UN, production greatly curtailed to the small amount needed for scientific and industrial purposes, and that UN inspection take place at the mines.

MONOPOLY FINDS A WAY

The big steel and cement companies, which failed to get their bill legalizing the basing-point pricing system through Congress in the last session, are making a last-ditch attempt to

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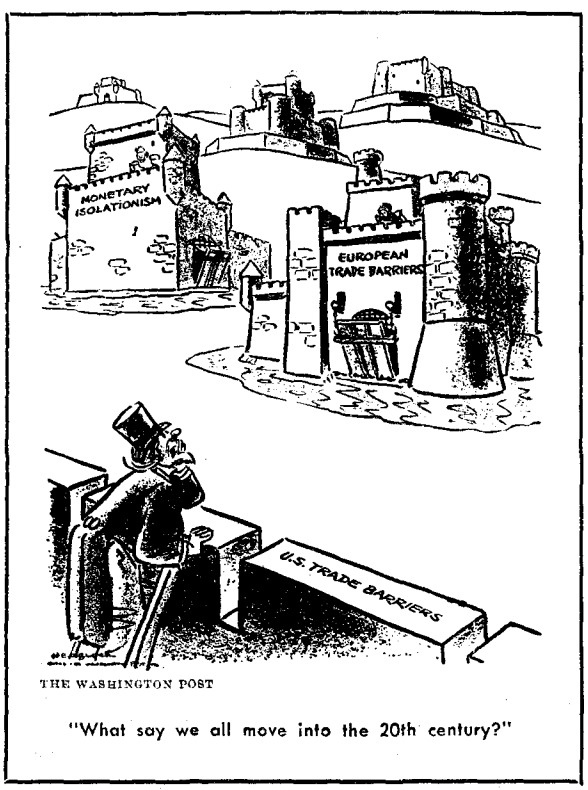
dodge the anti-trust laws by a compromise within the Federal Trade Commission itself. Attorneys for the FTC and the steel industry reached an agreement last week which would give the steel companies permission to resume practices they abandoned after the Supreme Court's decision in the cement case last year.

The agreement, which has yet to be approved by the full Commission, permits every plant to calculate its own net return in any way it chooses and to absorb up to 100 percent of its freight costs. Such an arrangement would prevent the erection of any new steel mill unless those controlling present steel production agreed. Every mill would become a basing point and the steel companies could juggle their prices to strangle competition just as they have in the past.

The attorneys' action is contrary to the policy of the FTC. After the Commission issues a complaint and conducts a hearing and investigation, it is up to the accused parties to plead guilty or appeal to the courts. The practice of adjudicating charges out of court and excluding all findings of fact from an order which resolves the original complaint has not been used by the FTC for many years. It went out with Commissioner William E. Humphrey, a Republican appointed by President Coolidge, who in the late 1920s blocked vigorous anti-trust action by permitting such orders. Humphrey was asked to resign by President Roosevelt, and the FTC since has insisted upon making findings of fact after the evidence has been taken unless the companies admit that the charges are the facts. If the Commission should approve the compromise agreement, it is likely that other industries found guilty of such monopolistic practices would immediately demand similar permissive orders.

It will be interesting to see how President Truman's two new appointees, John Carson and James Mead, vote when the question comes up for action by the full Commission.



"What say we all move into the 20th century?"

TROUBLE AT WILSON

The United Packinghouse Workers of America, CIO, is still having trouble with Wilson & Company, one of the big meat-packing firms. In the spring of last year, packinghouse workers went on strike throughout the industry. After a few weeks, the strike was settled with all the companies except Wilson; with that firm, whose contract expired on August 11, 1948, the union has since been unable to come to an agreement.

The UPWA charges that Wilson & Company has dismissed about 250 union members; that it has shifted others to lower-paid jobs or has made them subject to frequent layoff; and that wages paid are substantially less than the average for the whole industry, because of putting workers in lower classifications than are accepted by the other companies. Wilson & Company is also demanding a separate contract for each of its seven major plants, contrary to the general practice of the industry. The union is particularly bitter because the company has insisted upon special seniority for the "faithful workers" who stayed on the job during the strike. In union language, for "faithful worker" you read "scab."

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Some Western European intellectuals—as yet not many but already enough of them to be heard in the market places of ideas and read in the public prints—are beginning to make a virtue of a disagreeable necessity. The necessity is adjustment to the broadest implications of the fact of American world power. If Western Europe is dependent materially on America and likely to continue to be dependent for a long time to come, it cannot be entirely independent morally. If Western Europe can save its material standard of living only by increasing its economic exports to America, it must also accept an increase in its imports of ideas from America.

To the great masses of ordinary Western Europeans the necessity has seemed obvious since the end of the war, or since General Marshall's Harvard speech, or at least since the Italian and French elections of the spring of 1948. One had to choose—painfully or pleasantly—between American ideas and Soviet ideas; and a majority of ordinary men and women chose the American. In adversity, the head follows the stomach.

The situation among the intellectuals, especially in France and England, was different. Though they too were beneficiaries of the Americans at their tables, many chose Soviet ideas—and not infrequently out of a guilt-

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born need to deny with their minds what their stomachs accepted. A small number thumped drums behind the bandwagon of gratitude. Most, however, remained in the intellectual *maquis* of resentment and jeered "a plague on both their houses of ideas."

A change began last spring. Intellectuals were the first to recognize that the shift in the pattern of America's domestic economy threatened to remove the foundations of Western Europe's fragile postwar economy; Europeans were more than ever dependent on America; the mood of American generosity that had created ECA was changing; and yet the removal of American largesse might have worse consequences now than heretofore. Yet intellectuals, both of the Right and Left, fought the Atlantic Pact. Not even when the "Atlanticization" of Western Europe became an accomplished fact did the opposition to American ideas diminish.

It was only when the Strasbourg meeting of the Council of Europe showed the bankruptcy of Western Europe as a "Continental third force" that voices began to be heard in favor of making a virtue of necessity. In England, the intellectuals who had been in the forefront of the movement to build barriers against American ideas started slowly to abandon their breastworks and to admit (with Professor D. W. Brogan) that America had to be accepted both as Atlas and as Prometheus. The notion of an Anglo-American union involving a pooling of ideas, which would have been anathema even last year, found supporters among intellectuals of all political complexions but the deep red.

And in France, some of the resentment that had been directed against the Americans was shifted to the English. This has been particularly true among political rightist intellectuals. In the possibility of a union of the British with the Americans they saw the danger of a coalition of men whose ideas they could not despise—the British—with those "barbarians of the Far West" whom they contemned. Politically, they welcomed such an alliance because in their expectation (and hope) it would lead to the fall of the Labour Government; and when the last rampart of democratic socialism was gone, all of Europe would be open to the control of reaction, euphemistically called "the moderate Right Center." Intellectually, however, they feared an isolation that would reveal their impotence.

The result has been a new necessity to choose between two evils: either be left stranded while the British engage in a free commerce of ideas with the Americans; or rush out as salesmen of American ideas. Some Frenchmen of the Right have already made their choice. And in choosing the second horn of the dilemma, they reach a spread-eagle Americanism that delights the Luceite proponents of "the American century."

Maurice Duverger writes in *Le Monde* that as the Romans of the great Augustan empire no longer thought in the scale of values of Romulus, so the Americans of today no longer should think in the scale of the pioneers and of General Grant. The Atlantic Pact, which, he says, "the nations of Europe signed without enthusiasm because they had to," must be implemented; and the Americans now have only two possible means of implementation. They must choose between two answers:

> There is the answer of Babbitt. In the bottom of his heart Babbitt always remains attached to the old isolationism, which he likes as he did the hours of a lost youth and which he tries simply to extend to the new limits of the power of his country. He also retains his total faith in the superiority of American industry, of American manners and habits, and of the American way of life, while at the same time feeling an affectionate contempt for the decadent and incomprehensible peoples of the old continent. He wants to help them. But without giving them his confidence . . . he will give them factories and machines; he will exploit their natural riches; he will also set up among them bases to defend his investments and the legitimate profits he expects. . . . They will be allowed to keep their local usages if they prefer, and to live in their way as do the brave citizens of the Negro republic of Liberia. The Babbitt policy is a kind of unconscious semi-colonialism which would transpose to a world scale Yankee diplomacy toward the small nations of Central and South America. And protection against Communism would be a Monroe Doctrine applied to a larger sphere of influence.
>
> The other answer is that of Burnham, the new and grandiose vision of America playing the role of a federator of free peoples, of Washington grouping around the Atlantic all the nations of Western civilization as Rome united the peoples of the Mediterranean, each participant keeping its originality and civilization, the economc coöperation of all assuring the prosperity of all, the military coöperation of all the common security against the new barbarians. . . .
>
> Europeans must recognize the facts instead of abandoning themselves to the illusions of the child who thinks his parents will support him permanently without getting anything in return; the hour of maturity has struck. . . . These are the only two choices, all others are temporary or partial. . . .
>
> Rome created its empire because it merited its empire, because its leaders knew how to pose problems in the framework of the world and not only of the town. To hope to become the successor of the Roman Senate, the Senate of Washington must free itself from the Babbitt complex.

There is much resounding rhetoric in all this, and perhaps also much truth about the need to bury the old American isolationism. But Duverger and other French rightist converts to the cause of "the American century" are less frank about the Burnham answer than they are about the Babbitt answer. They give their readers (and perhaps themselves) few details about the vision of the American author who fused Machiavelli with the technocrats, who foresaw an America with a greatness based on factory efficiency, on a know-how of things rather than of bodies and hearts, hence cruelly dehumanized, if not fascistized.

The tragedy for America as well as for Europe is that the American ideas which some Western European intellectuals are now eager to import are precisely those from which most American humanitarian progressives would like to liberate their country.

PERCY WINNER

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LE CORBUSIER'S HOUSING EXPERIMENT

by Jean-Paul Carlhian

LE CORBUSIER, the stormy petrel of architecture, is now engaged in meeting the most severe test of his long and controversial career. In Marseilles, France, he is at last being permitted to construct an approximation of his famous idea of "skyscrapers in gardens." Unfortunately, he has not been allowed a free hand, and therefore the structure now nearing completion does not represent to the full his daring, revolutionary concepts.

During recent decades Le Corbusier's long cherished ideas on "vertical living" have spread in French official circles. In 1945 the freshly created Ministère de la Reconstruction et de l'Urbanisme asked him to make plans for a housing project in Marseilles, where the shortage of housing was particularly acute.

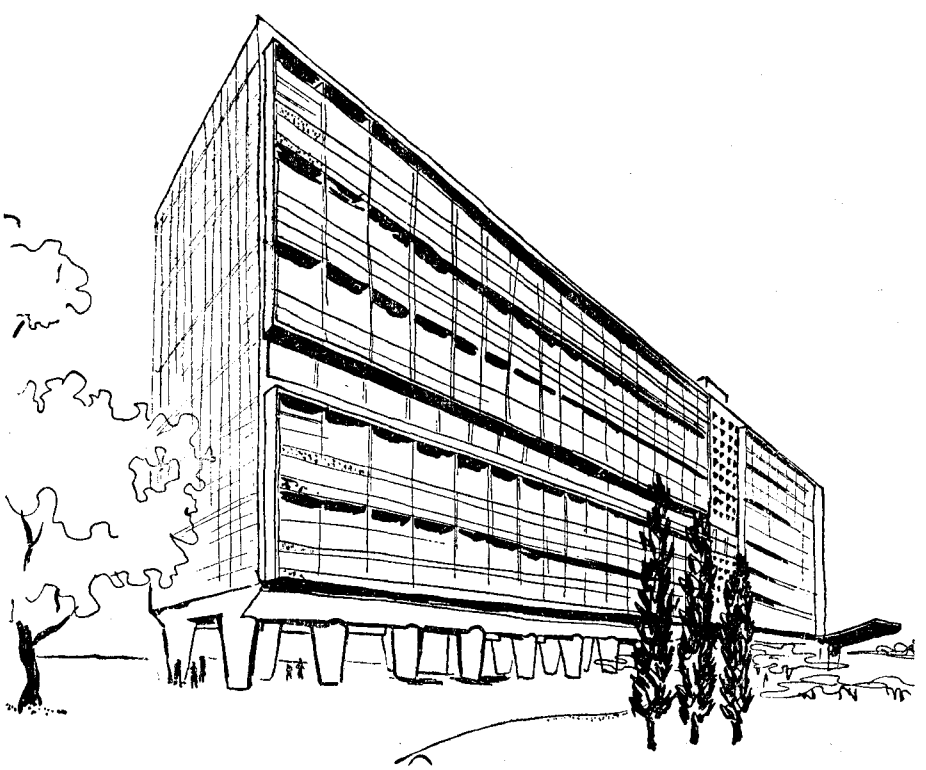
Le Corbusier's ideas are not shared by the majority of the French people; but this was only the first of his many difficulties. The site chosen was changed four times; some local architects scheduled to work with him submitted their resignations; letters of protest kept pouring in from everywhere, and finally the Committee on Public Hygiene stepped into the picture and stopped work on the building after seven floors had been completed. Now the building is again under way, thanks to the personal intervention of the Minister himself, who made a special trip to Marseilles to settle the question.

Even after four years, this is still the most controversial residential structure being erected in the world today. It is interesting to try to say why.

There surely is nothing "new" or "advanced" in crowding something like 1,600 persons in 330 dwelling units on 7.5 acres of land, or 44 units to the acre. Baldwin Hills Village in Los Angeles, one of the best housing projects in this country, has only 7.3 units to the acre; Welwyn in England, one of Ebenezer Howard's famous garden cities, 12; Plessis Robinson, near Paris, 29; Walter Gropius' Siemenstadt in Berlin, 32; while Stuyvesant Town in New York reaches 140. What is radically new in the Corbusier project is that not only all the residential units but also the shopping center and other facilities are housed in a single building 17 stories high. Is it wise, especially in such a location, to house so many people in a skyscraper type of apartment building?

The site finally chosen lies on the west side of the Boulevard Michelet, southern extension of Marseilles' famous Prado, and is part of the city's fashionable residential district, constituted mainly of single, detached houses. The area is generally flat, but the site slopes gently away from the boulevard. The whole district, like Marseilles in general, is surrounded by picturesque, rocky mountains. The Mediterranean is not far away and its blue surface, punctuated by nearby islands, may be seen from the upper floors of the building. The view will be superb, but it is conditional on there being no other tall structures in the area—a situation that might come to an end at any time; like so many skyscraper schemes, Le Corbusier's project steals its *Lebensraum* from others.

Yet the structure will undoubtedly have a striking effect on the skyline. At ten-minutes' walk there is a trolley-bus which brings you to the Cannebière, Marseilles' Main Street, within half an hour. A site closer to the center of the city might have justified the high



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density; land values in downtown areas prohibit such schemes as Baldwin Hills Village.

Le Corbusier is not responsible for the site, but he is responsible for the building. The ground floor consists of the entrance hall and the 36 tapered concrete pylons, 23 feet high, on which the building is raised. This gives to the huge mass, weighing some 45,000 tons, a remarkable impression of lightness: one thinks of a liner ready to take off. Starting from the bottom, we find six floors devoted to apartments, then two floors for the shopping center, which includes a cafeteria, a food mart and ten shops, and, over these, nine more floors of apartments. The top floor houses a health center in connection with a kindergarten, a two-story gymnasium, and a roof deck with a running track and other provisions for outdoor recreation. There are also laundry facilities, ten "club" rooms for youth gatherings, and an 18-room transient hotel.

The proposed seventh-floor shopping center is conveniently located for the tenants, but I wonder whether it will ever operate on a sound basis in such a location. Are there enough customers to support it? What about the freedom of choice among stores, which the average French housewife demands? What about future expansion, or contraction? To my mind, it would seem more reasonable to ask some of the residents to ride the elevators a little farther down, rather than cart all the supplies up through the building. Such a ground-floor solution would ease trucking and unloading problems, not to mention the increased advertising value which might attract neighbors and thus help to create less monopolistic shopping conditions.

By providing a nursery school on the roof, where the air is pure and cool, Le Corbusier has shown some concern for the educational aspect of his project. The location of various sports facilities inside the building and far from large playgrounds which have to remain on the ground is to my mind more questionable. In the Marseilles climate the weather is generally mild, except when the mistral blows, and therefore outdoor facilities are usable almost all the year round. I understand Le Corbusier had planned a series of other structures on the same site; a school, workshops, a swimming pool and other accommodations for sport grouped around play areas. The Ministry, I believe, has not commissioned any of these buildings, nor the proposed garage for cars and bicycles, thus leaving unsolved a crucial parking problem.

This great slab of reinforced concrete, 450 by 70 by 165 feet, runs on a north-south axis, offering minimum exposure to the north but leaving two long façades exposed to the east and west sun. This has been taken into consideration; loggias, or open balconies, on each floor, extending beyond the glassed-in area, act as sun shades. But the problem of such a huge, unbroken expanse exposed to the fierce mistral remains a challenging one.

The living quarters are where we find the best example of Le Corbusier's bold conceptions. The whole scheme centers around an ingenious grouping of three floors of duplex apartments, staggered in such a way that each one opens onto a single corridor or "main street." This grouping, repeated five times, reduces the number of elevator stops and provides cross-ventilation for the majority of the apartments.

Throughout the whole building ceilings are 7.5 feet high and rooms are 12 feet wide, with a great variety of combinations in the layout of units. In fact there are 23 different types, one or two floors high and ranging from one to five bedrooms. Each family has a living room with a 15.5-foot ceiling and a double glazed window 12 by 15 feet. It seems rather arbitrary that each tenant, whether relatively rich or poor, whether he has six children or none, should get the same ceiling height, the same room width, the same two-story living room with the same large window opening on the same loggia, the same master bedroom, set back on a balcony overlooking the living room, the same type of interior bathroom and kitchen.

This brings up the important problem of ventilation. Some apartments lack through ventilation and all bathrooms and all kitchens, being inside rooms, must rely on mechanical means for ventilation, always subject to breakdowns. How will Provençal cooking and its proverbial use of garlic fit into such a scheme? Will Marseilles people, who "live on their doorsteps," enjoy a main street 400 feet long, 10.5 feet wide, only 7.5 feet high, and windowless? Will the gas-company employees, engineers, steel workers, judges, chemists who are on the waiting list fit into a pattern of such uniformity?

It is also doubtful that such a building is economically feasible. A cost of 353 million francs (slightly less than $1 million) has been estimated for the main structure, including the built-in equipment of each dwelling unit. With the constantly rising costs of building, the final price may well be more than one billion francs (approximately $2.8 million). For

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The drawing which accompanies this article was made by Elizabeth Carlhian and was drawn, by permission, from an illustration in **L'Homme et l'Architecture, Paris.**

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France, this is a lot of money. Not knowing the costs of land acquisition and development, maintenance, subsidies, interest rates and amortization procedures, I am unable even to guess at an economic rent per unit. I have heard mention of 40,000 francs (a little more than $100) for a four-room unit, but the government's share in the whole project remains unknown and therefore such a figure, even taken with caution, does not necessarily represent an economic return on the initial investment. I still wonder who, in France, will suddenly be willing and able to pay for all the facilities offered in this new building, such as elevator service, school, hotel, laundries, club rooms, gymnasium, solarium, etc.—facilities which are not, to my knowledge, to be found in any existing French apartment house and which only a few wealthy Americans, spending up to 20 percent of their income for housing, can afford in the United States, where living standards are high and mechanical equipment superior.

Had Le Corbusier's scheme been expanded to include three buildings instead of one, plus the related structures which he had planned, we should have the greatest innovation in city planning since Ebenezer Howard wrote *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*. This expansion of the project not only would have allowed the neighborhood to reach its full development in a healthy way, but also would have permitted a greater choice in apartment sizes for prospective tenants: this in turn might have attracted a greater variety of social groups and income brackets.

This building has so much to offer that the experiment was well worth trying, even though the stubborn and conservative French may not be ready to take full advantage of it. Let us look twice at what Le Corbusier has built before condemning it, and suspend judgment until the building is completed and occupied. Many architects and city planners have dreamed of a whole community grouped in neighborhoods organized around a school and other community facilities; England is applying this principle to its new towns, but it remains to be applied to highly developed urban areas. Le Corbusier shows us how the smallest unit of this "cell" might be organized in a single building, offering facilities superior to those of the best apartment houses anywhere in the world. He gives a needed lesson to those responsible for huge apartment-house developments such as Stuyvesant Town, who pile up close to 8,750 families within a small area that lacks many of those essential facilities which help to create a community in the full sense of the word.

THE AUSTRIAN NAZIS COME BACK

by Alexander Kendrick

THE AUSTRIAN ELECTIONS of October 9 showed that Nazism is still a considerable force in this "first victim of Nazi aggression," despite four years of Allied occupation in which the Russians have fully participated.

The Verband der Unabhängigen (VDU), or Association of Independents, made its appeal frankly to the 450,000 amnestied Nazis allowed to vote again for the first time. It polled 489,000 votes, or 11.7 percent of the total electorate, and won 16 seats in the 165-seat Parliament. It now holds the balance of power, since the Volkspartei (OVP), or Catholic People's Party, won 77 seats, and the Socialists 67, and either can turn a majority by coöperating with the VDU. For the time being, the OVP-Socialist government coalition will continue, but the Socialists are now less partners than prisoners, for they face the constant threat of a right-wing OVP-VDU coalition which would throw them out of the government unless they gave up most of their socialism.

It is not the fact of revived Nazism that is most distressing in the present Austrian political situation, for there may actually be an advantage in having it out in the open, where it can be measured. But the circumstances attendant on the revival are illuminating.

As in Germany, neo-fascism in Austria was made possible primarily by the negligence of the occupying powers and the failure of their denazification program. Moreover, the four Allies have seemed deliberately to encourage the VDU—the Americans in the hope that it would cut into the Socialist vote and thus help the Volkspartei; the British and French in the hope that it would help the Socialists by reducing the Volkspartei plurality; the Russians in the expectation that it would weaken both government parties. All four Allies proved to be right, but in the process they have turned the Austrian clock back 20 years and made the voice of Hitler heard once more in the land.

In addition to the tacit support of the occupying powers, the VDU received open courtship from the two major Austrian parties, which vied for its votes, while the Communists (KPO) watched it grow with secret satisfaction.

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The recent record tells only too clearly how Nazism was permitted to come back to Austria. A year ago the neo-Nazi movement had not yet been canalized. Up and down the American, British and French zones, small meetings were held by an organization calling itself the Heimkehrerbund, which was supposed to give comfort to returning war prisoners. These rallies were normally devoted to the theme that the POW's had been the victims of a cruel trick of fate in having had to fight the wrong war, but that this would be put aright and soon they could fight against the "dark races," meaning the Russians.

Small para-military groups, such as the "Schwarze Jaeger," also operated underground at the same time, and a weekly magazine printed in Salzburg, *Berichte und Informationen*, was temporarily suppressed for running articles on "the coming war." Its 39-year-old publisher, Herbert A. Kraus, was a former corporal in the Austrian army.

Under an Austrian law passed in 1947 all former Nazi Party members had to register, and 530,000 persons, or 10 percent of the adult population, did so. Of these about 40,000 were classified as "implicated Nazis."

The lesser Nazis were amnestied in July, 1948, including 35,000 who then were, and still are, in the civil service. Denazification stopped at that point, the amnestied Nazis were given back the right of franchise, and in February of this year ex-Corporal Kraus announced the formation of the VDU "to represent the interests of the registered Nazis," as he boldly put it, and to unify their restored vote.

By May, Kraus had obtained many recruits and VDU rallies were being held at which "Heil Hitler!" again replaced "Gruss Gott!" as a greeting, and white stockings predominated in the audience. Late that month officials of the Volkspartei held a secret meeting at Gmunden, in the American zone, with Kraus and his followers. In July another secret OVP-VDU meeting was held at Leoben in Styria.

When these facts came to light, an OVP Deputy, Alfons Gorbach, vice-president of Parliament, explained that the VDU was merely trying to find out how far the OVP would go to improve the status of implicated Nazis. The official OVP newspaper, the Wiener *Tageszeitung*, said that the Leoben conference demonstrated the "truly democratic spirit" of the Volkspartei, which was "contributing to Austrian stability by trying to incorporate these new voters into its ranks and thus preventing the formation of a neo-fascist party."

The Volkspartei then accused the Socialists of also holding talks with the VDU, but Socialist Deputy Ernst Koref, named as the contact man, explained that his visit to Franz Langoth, former mayor of Linz, former SS colonel, and a Kraus lieutenant, was "purely personal."

Compassion for the Nazis was brought into the open by the two major parties when the OVP and the SPO jointly introduced a parliamentary measure to amnesty and restore 30,000 of the 40,000 "implicated Nazis" still living under the penal code. The Socialists later withdrew their support on the ground that such a change in the law would require Allied sanction, and failure to win sanction would reflect adversely on parliamentary dignity. Both parties agreed, however, that the time had come for conciliation.

The Socialists, as it turned out, need not have worried too much about the four-power Allied Council. Its denazification board was at the moment considering an Austrian Ministry of Interior ruling that the Waffen-SS was not subject to the Nazi registration law. The American High Commissioner's report for July, 1949, notes:

"The US, French and Soviet Elements were in general agreement that the Austrian decision excluding the Waffen-SS from liability to register under Law 25 was not legally sound. However, the British Element was of the opposite opinion."

The same report on other business of the month continues:

> The Soviet member of the Political Directorate charged that the People's Party violated the Allied Council decision of September 11, 1945, by negotiating with Nazis. The U.S. and French members desired to warn the Austrian Government that Nazis are still implicated under Austrian law and should not be allowed to take part in political activities. The British member could not agree.
>
> The Directorate considered the Party of Germanic and Kindred Peoples [which advocates Nazi, Aryan and pan-German principles]. The British did not concur with the suggestion of the other three Elements that the party be suppressed.

At the deputy-commissioner level of the Allied Council, the Soviet representative on July 22 introduced a motion of censure of the Volkspartei for its Nazi negotiations. The American and French deputy commissioners thought it better to warn the Austrian government against such activities by any party. The report concludes: "The British representative declined to support either resolution, stating that he was not convinced that any useful purpose could be served by giving instructions to the Austrian Government."

The disagreement then arrived at the topmost Allied

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level. Under Allied Council directives, Austrian political parties are permitted to function, on condition that "they maintain democratic principles and the resolute fight against Nazi ideology in all its aspects and forms." The Volkspartei, the Socialists and the Communists are listed as qualifying, but all other would-be parties must be approved by the Council.

Six weeks before the election the British proposed that the democratic qualifications be abolished and anybody be allowed to campaign. The French stuck by the 1945 directive but suggested that new parties which qualified should now be approved. The Russians took the same general line as the French.

At this point the American High Commissioner, Lieutenant General Geoffrey Keyes, completely reversed the previous American position against "fourth parties" and went even farther than the British in urging that all restrictions be lifted and that Austria be given back to the Austrians, politically speaking, whether they are Nazis or not.

The Council deadlock was ended only four weeks before the election, when it was decided to recognize no new parties but to allow campaign activity by various "electioneering groups," including the VDU. This was a unanimous agreement by all four members. It effectively cleared the way for the VDU in the election campaign.

Promptly, at the VDU's first rally in Upper Austria, the principal speaker was arrested for shouting, "Home to the Reich!" and declaring that Austria could not live without Germany. He turned out to be a former Hitler Youth leader and SS non-com named Josef Praxel.

A few days later at a VDU rally at Klosterneuberg, near Vienna, a heckler was knocked unconscious and thrown from the hall by a group described by the *Tageszeitung* as "a terror squad organized on the lines of the Heimwehr." At Neiderthalheim, in Upper Austria, a VDU rally proudly announced that of its 68 provincial candidates, 44 were Nazis. The meeting was investigated by the police as "the most rabidly Nazi demonstration held in Austria since 1945." Kraus's magazine, *Berichte und Informationen*, was again suspended for its Nazi tone, and so were several VDU newspapers.

The VDU in its campaign gave as its first aim the restoration of property and all political rights to registered Nazis, and its favorite slogan, "*Es muss sein!*" ("It must be!") was shouted by speakers and echoed by audiences with all the fervor of "*Sieg Heil!*" Its speeches were studded with cryptic remarks, the orator explaining darkly, "I don't have to tell you what I

mean." They were frequently anti-Semitic and always pan-German, and leaned heavily on racism and the Nazi concept called *Volksgemeinschaft* (people's society). The audiences were made up largely of women who squealed with delight and trilled "*Unser Herbert!*" or stood looking at the thoroughly innocuous Kraus with the rapt countenance of self-hypnosis.

During the campaign, Kraus's No. 2 man and Vienna leader, Fritz Stüber, was put on trial as a war criminal. He is a lawyer who defended several of the Nazis implicated in the Dollfuss assassination putsch and went on to become the business associate of Goering's brother-in-law. He was acquitted for lack of evidence, and elected to Parliament.

Immediately after the election, Kraus's press chief, Erich Kernmayer, former propaganda director for the Nazi gauleiter of Vienna, Josef Bürckel, was recognized by a visiting Jewish correspondent as the man who took over his Vienna newspaper in 1938. Kernmayer was arrested but quickly freed, on the ground that by a two-year prison term he had atoned for all crimes charged against him—even those not yet revealed!

Kraus, the leader of the VDU, has no Nazi record and denies that his is a Nazi organization. However, it is not Kraus, but men like Praxel, Stüber and Kernmayer, who typify the VDU.

Many of the VDU rank and file are no doubt merely the disgruntled, who are against the government parties and cannot vote Communist. But as their newspapers, their speeches, their election rallies, their past records and their present good connections show, the Sturmbannführers of the VDU are no amateurs playing at politics for lofty principles or what they can get out of the pork barrel. They look like the real thing.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Looking Forward Backwards*

THE ELECTION of Herbert H. Lehman in New York State on November 8 was important from a political point of view. However, the campaign itself, and the manner in which it was reported by the newspapers, were more significant than the result. What the voters had to consider was not so much the candidates for United States Senator as it was the newspapers. Would they honestly report the news, instead of suppressing, slanting and misrepresenting it as they have been doing, with few but highly honorable exceptions, since 1932?

I spoke twice in behalf of former Governor Lehman in New York City. I had been following with interest a contest in which such persuasive epithets as "bigot" and "liar" were used to season "a dainty dish to set before the king." While I did not refrain from aiming some barbs at my favorite farce-comedian on the political stage, Governor Dewey of New York, my main attack was on what I regarded as the vulnerable record of the Republican candidate, John Foster Dulles. What the newspapers, with the sole exception of the New York *Post*, did was quietly to strangle the verifiable charges that I made. The Dulles papers printed only a word or two, in the most obscure of positions.

The New York *Times* was diabolically clever. On previous occasions, it had been called to account for aborting important political news. In "reporting" my speech of October 31, it gave the clear impression that I was opposing Governor Dewey as a candidate for President in 1952, rather than making serious charges against Mr. Dulles. To be sure, I had made a facetious remark or two about Mr. Dewey, but no copy boy could have failed to understand that my speech was heavily weighted against Mr. Dulles.

Mr. Dulles denied that he had ever subscribed to America First. I made this charge on what seemed to be good authority, but I may have been mistaken. However, Mr. Dulles did not meet the charges that the New York branch of the notorious America First had been organized in his office and that Mrs. Dulles had made two contributions to it. Mr. Dulles offered no explanation of his association with Nazi lawyers and agents such as Dr. Albert and Gerhardt Westrick; or his participation in interesting practices relating to American trusts and financial manipulations. He was silent as to his activities in behalf of the North American Company, and its principal subsidiary, the Union Electric Company of St. Louis, which the Department of Justice caught red-handed in the misuse of corporation funds in election campaigns and in influencing legislative bodies. Nor did he explain why, on two occasions recently, he has pleaded the statute of limitations in a case now pending before the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York. In this case, the United States Government charges Mr. Dulles, his client Williams and others with "conspiracy to loot, defraud, overreach and mismanage."

It is interesting that none of the New York papers, so far as I am aware, that were offering Mr. Dulles as a supremely desirable candidate for Senator, was interested in his pleading of the statute of limitations, or in the searing opinion by Judges Parker, Soper and Dobie of the Circuit Court of Appeals, that "where a corporation . . . is alleged to have been greatly wronged by those who have controlled it . . . the Court ought not lightly stay its hand against those who have committed the wrong, on the ground that they might plead the statute of limitations, which honorable men might not be willing to plead."

The newspapers, which ought as a matter of course to make known such serious charges to their readers, generally speaking, ignored them. In this case at the bar of public opinion, Mr. Dulles could not enter his favorite plea, the statute of limitations. So, insinuatingly, he suggested that my charges were a repetition of attacks in the Moscow *New Times* of February, 1947, which I had never read. This was a desperate use of the same red paint with which he had tried to smear Governor Lehman, without daring to call him a Communist. In tune with most of his campaign, Mr. Dulles chose to whine rather than to challenge.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Dulles left it to his more reckless political pal, Governor Dewey, to defend him, and his was indeed a convincing defense. "Tiptoe" Tom excitedly shouted: "Liar"; "He [myself] has not told the truth in ten years"; "He is a senile old man." In other words, both Dulles and Dewey knew that they were licked even before the campaign closed and they were hopping mad about it. Dewey's display of shrewish temper probably went far to convince the voters that they were doubly right when they regarded him with a cool and appraising eye in 1944, and again in 1948.

Once again the newspapers, with few exceptions, have whittled their diminished prestige. Once more they have shown themselves to be what they have themselves chosen to be. Again the voters repudiated them, along with Dulles and Dewey. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"THE EXCITEMENT OF WEARING A MASK"

by James Stern

OF THE MAN who was born in the same year and city as Oscar Wilde and whose fifty-first play, "Buoyant Billions," was withdrawn in London last month after a five-week run, what more is there to say? In *The Universe of G. B. S.*, William Irvine says a great deal. Unless encouraged, however, it is doubtful whether many but fanatical Shavians will want to read his long book from cover to cover. Though seldom tedious, Irvine is occasionally over-conscientious in his critical analysis of almost every phase in the life of the world's oldest writer. Because that man is Bernard Shaw, *The Universe* is all but a history of England during the last hundred years, a span of time Irvine's hero would no doubt call the Shavian century. In his book's forty-two chapters there is something for Everyman as well as Everywoman, for what has not interested G. B. S. has not interested mankind.

THE UNIVERSE OF G. B. S., by William Irvine (Whittlesey House; $5).

For the politically minded Irvine traces, through Shaw's development as a Fabian, the whole history of English socialism; for the artist there is criticism by one whose first ambition was to become "a second Michelangelo"; for the musician, there's the music "Heard by Corno di Bassetto," author of *The Perfect Wagnerite*; for the dramatist, detailed analysis of the Plays and of England's greatest critic of the theatre who considers Macbeth "an overexcitable hypochondriac," Hamlet "too unhealthily preoccupied with his own problem to face those of the world," and Christopher Marlowe "the true Elizabethan blank-verse beast. . . ." For the untalented, the intellectually inert, there is Marriage, one of the main obsessions of this incurable rationalist-cum-romantic who, after writing endless letters to one woman (whom he had never met) about the affection he feels for another, spent the one and only honeymoon of his life with the latter—writing a play "against romantic love." Finally, for those interested primarily in human nature, there is the most interesting, enigmatic and energetic man alive—G. B. S. himself.

At the age of 28, Shaw had written five novels and was chief spokesman for the newly born Fabian Society. During the following four years, according to Irvine, he "attended every picture exhibition in London and wrote regularly on art in *The World*." In his thirty-eighth year, as well as producing, each week, two columns of music criticism and one on the drama, he also wrote three first-rate plays, acted as stage manager and spent his evenings shocking Londoners into howls of laughter at political meetings. "The wonder is," says Irvine, "that he did not kill himself. . . ." Even more of a mystery to this reader has always been not so much that Shaw kept alive under self-administered pressure, but that he has done so for the better part of an excruciatingly tragic century without ever losing his buoyancy, his ability to laugh and to provoke laughter.

He who wants to try to understand Shaw the man and the secret of his apparently permanent optimism must read every word of *The Universe*. Even then, unlike Shaw, he may not be sure—for with all his autobiographical eloquence and love of self-publicity, G. B. S. is the wiliest of foxes. His secret has been well kept. The clues are few.

One night in Dublin nearly 90 years ago—that is, before Germany had become a nation and when the telephone was still unknown—George Carr Shaw took his only son Bernard for a walk. "In the course of it," Bernard wrote Ellen Terry many years later, "I received a monstrous, incredible suspicion." On reaching home he whispered to his ultra-respectable Mama that Papa was drunk. To which she replied: "When is he ever anything else?" So great was this shock that "I have never," says Shaw, "believed in anything since. . . ." Instead of "being overwhelmed with shame" at sight of "the Governor," a dead goose under one arm, a ham under the other, trying to butt open a gate with his head, Bernard learned to laugh. As Irvine points out: "The respectable Shaws were so prodigiously, hopelessly, insultingly respectable, the topers so scandalously, incessantly drunk . . . that intelligent sanity could maintain itself only by laughter." The next shock young Bernard received was when he—Protestant child of "landed gentry without any land"—was sent to a school where "most of the boys were the sons of Roman Catholics in the retail trade!" This experience, remarks Irvine, "entered into the very core of his being. One perceives how much of Shaw's socialism is the logical result of his snobbery. He did not love the poor. He simply hated their poverty."

As a result of these shocks, coupled with the fact that "nobody cared for me particularly," young Bernard "discovered the excitement of wearing a mask." Behind this mask the shy snob learned to conceal his deepest emotions, and in the face of suffering and disaster to crack a joke. He acquired, and never lost, the "tendency to cover up, to show that he is not hurt"—and to blind himself to the hurt of others.

As a man of 56, he watched while a splinter was being drawn from under the nail of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with whom he was "ecstatically in

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love." At sight of the veins of her neck swelling with pain: "By Jove!" cried Shaw, "What a throat, 'Michael Angelo'!" Later, when her son was killed in the war, he wrote Mrs. Campbell a "garrulous, rhetorical little letter," concluding it "with nine 'damns' and six 'dears'." Why? "He was probably too excited," observes Irvine, "too talkative, too much in a hurry to feel. And he did not want to feel."

Within a few months of the Armistice Shaw was able to write: "I never grieve; but I do not forget." It is the mask, the ghost of the "Governor" that he has never forgotten. Indeed, it has grown part of him, formed his personality, and, with its whiskers, become one of the most familiar faces on earth.

Irish-born James Stern is the author of The Heartless Land *and* Something Wrong, *short-story collections, and* The Hidden Damage. *This year he received a $1,000 grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in recognition of his short stories.*

THE DEBS ERA

THE BENDING CROSS, by Ray Ginger (The Rutgers University Press; $5).

EUGENE V. DEBS has never wanted for biographers. He is the subject of numerous pamphlets, many books and several court decisions. While in one instance the United States Supreme Court disposed of him with a curt "Petition denied," it subsequently elaborated with extensive opinions seeking to justify his conviction for violations of the Pullman injunction and the federal draft law. Debs's own writings and speeches are voluminous, moving and educational; today, however, they require historical commentary for full appreciation. In *The Bending Cross*, Ray Ginger has given us not merely the best biography of Debs, but a model for studies of any man whose life reflects the struggle of great social forces.

Debs's warm personality, his selflessness and devotion to trade unionism and socialism, have tended to obscure his actual contributions to these movements. The Ginger book does not make this mistake. It traces and interprets Debs's life in terms of four streams of activity: the Railroad Brotherhoods, the American Railway Union, American Socialism and World Socialism.

Debs possessed the rare talent of growing with experience. "Always moving under the impact of events, Debs never deserted a possible solution until he became convinced that it had failed." The man who denounced the boycott and the closed shop, accepted the Locomotive Firemen's policy of "ignoring strikes" and denied "a necessary conflict between labor and capital" is the same man who, two decades later, said: "I am opposed to every war but one; I am for that war with heart and soul, and that is the worldwide war of the social revolution."

One reason for Ginger's success in portraying Debs and his work lies in his scholarly method of research and analysis. He talked to scores of Debs's acquaintances, read everything on or by Debs, and critically studied the literature—technical and popular—of the labor movement. But neither the trade unionist nor the political radical can rightfully claim exclusive property in this book. It will be read by everyone who is interested in the history of the period covered by a great man's life. It is vastly superior to other records because it succumbs, as did his contemporaries, to the inspiration of Debs. LEONARD B. BOUDIN

Leonard B. Boudin, a practising New York labor lawyer and an expert in the field, has contributed to the Harvard Law Review, *the* Illinois Law Review, *the* Virginia Quarterly *and other periodicals.*

BRIEF COMMENT

The Woman of Rome, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar and Straus; $3.50).

Alberto Moravia enjoys a formidable reputation as a novelist in Italy. For whatever it signifies about the state of letters there, his present novel is an efficient commercial product of the tradition courteously referred to as "realistic"—that is, a crowded tale of poverty, violence and sex.

Adriana is a young girl whose rapacious mother "looked on my beauty as our only available capital." The predictable consequence of "mother's plans" is a downhill career from artist's model through prostitution. But while love, for most of Adriana's contacts, is "a means of numbing oneself and driving out thought," for the heroine it is "the only thing I cared about in the whole world, the only thing I enjoyed." This wholehearted dedication seems to act as a preservative for her "simple, law-abiding, innocent ambitions" (home and children), so that at the end of the book she sits in placid pregnancy amid the smoking ruins of most of the other characters.

On the whole this is a good-humored and not useless book. For people with time on their hands, it serves the usual purpose of a few hours at the movies—something between distraction and self-degradation.

The Road to the City, by Natalia Ginzburg (Doubleday; $2.50).

Nominally the same story—"a woman's search for love"—is again told through first-person narrative in two novelettes by another Italian writer. The title story of Mrs. Ginzburg's book concerns the reminiscences of a young girl who makes a calculated and prosperous marriage, then realizes that she really loves a cousin who grew up in her home. But before this can matter one way or another, the cousin is finished off by a case of pneumonia and "it was harder and harder to remember the way he looked . . . now that he had receded far into the distance and become one of the vast multitude of the dead." The story recedes right after him.

The second piece (called *The Dry Heart*) is a work of real distinction. It opens precipitately: "'Tell me the truth,' I said. 'What truth?' he echoed. . . . I shot him between the eyes." There follows the recollection of the loveless marriage that led to this tragedy. The story itself is novel and gripping, and at least two characters (the husband and a woman friend of the narrator) are solidly portrayed in the short space. But the masterly thing is the style—a light perfection of nuance and detail—by which the story transcends its dreary, even sordid, elements to a broader truth that is humor.

As a Man Grows Older, by Italo Svevo (New Directions; $3).

Italo Svevo was the Trieste businessman whom James Joyce "discovered" as a novelist when he was teaching English at the Berlitz School in Trieste. *The Confessions of Zeno* is his best-known novel, but the present (earlier) work

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Joyce considered its author's masterpiece.

Emilio Brentani is an aging, insignificant clerk in an insurance company who seeks distraction from his "monotonous, colorless destiny" through an easy intrigue with a beautiful young girl. At first, he pompously imagines himself the protector of her innocence, but when he is forced to recognize the significance of her remarkably complete collection of photographs of gentlemen about town, he loves her *because* she is "lost," and remains "on his knees before her, exactly in the position in which it would have been most easy to humble him, if Angiolina should have thought fit one day to give him a kick."

This is a dispassionately cruel book, but it escapes being a depressing one through its brilliant analysis of the labyrinth of deceit that contains its story. In this maze, which is the aggressor or the victim, the deceiver or the deceived? The corrupting Angiolina, living in the element of her own duplicity, lied because it was "so much a part of her nature that she could never escape from it." The corrupt Emilio, on the other hand, had tried so "hard to see in Angiolina exactly what she was not, that it was he who invented the lie."

J. F.

Knight's Gambit, by William Faulkner (Random House; $2.75).

Yoknapatawpha County is again the setting for the five short stories and a novelette that comprise *Knight's Gambit*, and Gavin Stevens, the lawyer and spokesman for the South of *Intruder in the Dust*, is the hero. He is also the Nemesis, for these are stories of murder (two of them appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and several have been reprinted in anthologies). Faulkner has always been a superb storyteller, and these ingenious—of a lesser writer the word would be slick—tales are excellent entertainment. We are grateful, too, for the occasional sharp insight, the sudden illumination, and it's good to renew our acquaintance with Varner's store and Frenchman's Bend. The novelette (and title piece) shows the author in a relaxed mood—mellow, slightly corny, even sentimental. *Knight's Gambit* is a minor boiling, a mild apéritif to be sipped while waiting for the next Faulkner novel.

E. H.

THEATRE: Two Hits

As THE FINAL CURTAIN descended on "Lost in the Stars," the "musical tragedy" that Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill have made from the material provided by Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, I noticed that many in the audience were misty-eyed and that the applause was loud and long. A few of my friends not only declared themselves unmoved; they appeared indignant. I tried to understand this discrepancy between the general audience reaction and that of my friends.

"Lost in the Stars" tells the story of a South African Negro minister whose son, having left his home in the country hills for the sinful city of Johannesburg, in the course of a hold-up kills an English boy who was a true friend of the black natives. The minister realizes that his son was a victim of evil circumstances. His religious sincerity and kindness, plus his son's repentance, end by moving the murdered boy's rather rigidly British father to understand, forgive and coöperate with the minister in making a better life for all.

The story, then, is strong, simple and moral. It moves swiftly from one brief scene to another, and those words which are not bare narrative or purely didactic are sung by the individual characters or by a chorus. The words come to us not as precise ideas but as a benign mood. An atmosphere of kindly uplift, of warm dignity and of a nobility that is always on the verge of tears, prevails.

"Lost in the Stars" is a *melodrama* in the original sense of a plot play based on popular themes supported by song and instrumental music. In the old days a piano, a violin or an organ would do the trick. Today more fulsome arrangements are required. Such a play makes for basic theatre, and when the social and emotional ingredients are shrewdly chosen, the result is almost inevitably successful.

The Negro actors and chorus of "Lost in the Stars" have fine voices and the numbers are admirably rehearsed. I found Sheila Guyse attractive, Warren Coleman amusing, and Inez Matthews' singing especially good. My objection to the show is not that it is a tear-jerker on the Negro-white theme, but that its creative value is practically nil. I am more than dubious about its "philosophy": it tells us that since man is lost in the stars and nothing else is sure, people ought to help one another. I hardly believe that such thinking will activate anyone socially, though it may serve as a softener. Kurt Weill's score is competently synthetic, a kind of oily composition that smears aromatic musical stuff over the verse in a manner that may soothe, but will not stick.

To condemn "I Know My Love" as a play and to indulge the Lunts as performers seems to me an evasion. Many actors have made art out of worse plays. While it is always clear when one watches the Lunts that they are extremely gifted stage craftsmen, I found them thoroughly irritating in "I Know My Love."

Marcel Achard's "Auprès de Ma Blonde," from which S. N. Behrman fashioned the Lunts' latest vehicle, was a sentimental, Paris-made contrivance for the use of Pierre Fresnay and Yvonne Printemps, with a dash of bitters to make it seem something more than that. In the French original, the ever-loving bourgeois couple, whose marital career the play celebrates, had their ugly moments. The husband was allowed his vulgar fling and wrecked some lives.

Writing for the Lunts, Behrman has had to pour additional goo into the full measure already supplied by the original author. Lunt's Thomas Chanler of Boston never deceives his Emily (Lynn Fontanne); he is merely enticed by the idea. Her smiling wisdom deflates his ardor. As in the French play, the man and wife drive an adolescent boy to suicide, but the whole thing is made to appear no more than a peccadillo, the slightest responsibility for which the good wife must spare her dear husband. The "first major

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quarrel in twelve years" can hardly be described as even a mild tiff: it is all wreathed in knowing smiles. If such people were real they would destroy each other through boredom.

The Lunts are masters of stage cosmetics. In "I Know My Love" they each put on four brilliant makeups—giving us a total of eight—and they dress and characterize accordingly. But, paradoxically, their performance, which is chiefly characterization, lacks character. It is all clever detail, pigment, graphic flourish—without soul. It is like suave academic painting at which one marvels over the technique without giving a hoot for the subject.

There seems to me little point now in demanding that the Lunts do the kind of plays Olivier, Richardson and Gielgud usually do in England. What is important to emphasize is that in what they *do* do their quality is becoming increasingly insipid. I do not ask them to become more aware of the world which the theatre is supposed to reflect. If their world were limited to the bedroom, or even the parlor, it might be sufficient. But their world now never extends beyond the dressing room.

Two things have hurt the Lunts more than anything else: the fact that they are treated by their public as "institutional" ornaments rather than artists; second, the notion, common on our stage, that good actors can forgo direction. The outstanding examples of modern theatre practice prove that the finest actors deserve and need the greatest directors.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR: Gift Package

IMMEDIATELY AFTER an explosion and fire in the Washington offices of the Federal Communications Commission a couple of weeks ago, the news was that many valuable files, dockets and archives had been totally destroyed. Later inventory corrected early estimates of the damage, but there were some losses. In the public interest, this department offers the government some choice items from a personal library on broadcasting, *e. g.*:

¶ A Hooper "pocket piece," *circa* October, 1948. Listed there as fourteenth among the aristocratic "First Fifteen" is "Stop the Music." Inasmuch as that program appears currently in 48th place—a nose dive reflecting the downward trend in the listener acceptance of all swagbag broadcasts—my contribution may save the taxpayers a good deal of cash. The FCC recently "banned" the giveaways, and the matter is now on its costly journey to the Supreme Court. But perhaps the public is disposing of the matter in its own way.

¶ Two historical statements dealing with television. One of these was made by David Sarnoff, RCA's (which means NBC's) big boss, on April 30, 1939, when he announced the "birth" of television at the New York World's Fair. He said:

> Now we add sight to sound . . . a new art so important in its implications that it is bound to affect all society. . . . It is a creative force which we must learn to utilize for the benefit of all mankind.

Then, in May, 1949, Commmander Mortimer W. Loewi, director of the DuMont network, one of the Big Four in television broadcasting, told a meeting of the Institute for Education by Radio:

> We are selling TV short when entertainment is allowed to dominate the schedule to the exclusion of a sales message well presented.

Since DuMont has less entertainment on its video channels than any of its competitors, Loewi's "we" must refer to the industry as a whole.

¶ I offer to the FCC a document called *Tune in for Education*, being the swan song of a group known as the National Committee for Education by Radio. The late Ray Lyman Wilbur formed the committee when he was Secretary of the Interior under Hoover. Its aims were high:

> The protecting and promoting of broadcasting originating in educational institutions. The promotion of broadcasting by educational institutions. Legislation by Congress which will permanently and exclusively assign to educational institutions and government educational agencies a minimum of fifteen percent of all radio broadcasting channels.

Some eleven years after these goals were unveiled—on the day before Pearl Harbor, to be precise—the committee voted to dissolve. Its final report formally pronounced "the essential attainment of the original objectives." I wonder what could have been meant by "essential." The number of educational stations had hit an all-time low of 34. That 15-percent allocation of radio-channels for educational purposes was no longer even mentioned. As for the amount of attention education was receiving on the commercial air, the research director of the National Association of Broadcasters was soon to compile figures conceding that the regular operators were giving four percent of their time to educational-cultural programs, including talks, forums, panels and discussion of public issues. By way of contrast, he noted that "the total time devoted to commercial messages and announcements amounts to about 14 percent of radio's total time on the air from sign-on to sign-off." The dissolution of the committee, which declared its "objectives attained," was perhaps premature.

From my cherished incunabula, I also offer:

The report on educational broadcasting adopted last summer at a two-week seminar convoked at the University of Illinois by that institution and the Rockefeller Foundation. As members of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters (NAEB), the men at Urbana framed a set of theses which are as realistic as they are critical. I suggest that the FCC study this criticism of commercial radio from the final report:

> Radio stations are required by federal regulation to operate in the public "in-

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terest, convenience and necessity." Too often broadcasting is designed primarily to satisfy listener "interest" and "convenience." But what of public "necessity," or the *needs* of the people. . . . The educational broadcaster has, then, the task of discovering needs, stimulating awareness.

When the Urbana report has been digested, I'll let the FCC have my file of the NAEB's monthly *News Letter*, showing how the handful of educational broadcasters are really trying to repair in this generation the broadcasting damage wrought by their elders. I'll donate an inventory of the programming done by the NAEB radio stations, as compiled by the association's study director, Professor Dallas W. Smythe, of the University of Illinois. It shows real striving by the educators-on-the-air, makes the commercial broadcaster look sad by comparison.

Finally, I'll give up my personal copies of the briefs filed only recently before the FCC by the NAEB's counsel, Marcus Cohn, and by an engineer, C. M. Jansky Jr. In these formal documents, our government is shown exactly how to save at least ten television broadcast channels for the exclusive use of educational broadcasters, and is told why this should be done.

To bolster the NAEB's exhibits, I'll throw in for good measure a promotion piece recently issued by RCA under the title "The Modern School Looks at Television." Here we are informed:

Television is one of the most significant teaching aids ever to come within reach of the educator. . . . It is now up to the educator to provide the guidance and assistance necessary to bring its vast educational potentialities to fruition. The dangers of misuse, as well as the values of potential good, are the responsibility and concern of the teaching profession.

The only trouble is that RCA's NBC, Commander Loewi's DuMont, and other commercial interests, are sitting on the requisite channels. That's one reason why I'm eager to help the FCC put its reference shelf back in working order. SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Big Week

WHEN THREE such pictures as "All the King's Men," "The Fallen Idol" and "Fame Is the Spur" come up for notice in one week, the movie reviewer is jolted out of the mood of routine pleasantries and half-hearted scoldings with which he has greeted the banalities of the season. This trio demands respect and attention—ironically, the very quality of the pictures awakes critical judgments that slumber harmlessly through Hollywood humdrum. It is only fair to note, therefore, that these pictures are being made to jump hurdles higher than are set for their contemporaries.

If movies are to be adapted from novels, Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* is the kind of novel to use. Here is no comedy of manners, no tender web of sensibilities to be worked out on paper, or at most in a tranquil stage set; this is broad and brutal political satire, flung out from the state capital into every impoverished, gullible four corners, and brawling with greedy, sweating, frightened men. Columbia Pictures, Robert Rossen in charge, has seized on the screen possibilities of Warren's study in Huey Long fascism and made a lunging spectacle out of it. Rossen uses crowds, not only lavishly, but with the understanding that they are the meaningful chorus, the background power, of the story. The excellence of the casual but alert camera work, the flawless solicitude for revealing detail in bit players and passing scenes, all the mechanical and organizational perfections that can be so irritating when

Christ. *God, Man or Myth?*

Did Christ himself write down any record of His life? If so, where are these writings today? Do they exist in any museum or library or sacred shrine? Can you find a trace of them in the vast and mysterious subterranean archives of the Vatican in Rome? The answer is NO! Nowhere has any man been able to discover a single word that Jesus wrote!

Who, then, wrote the Christian Gospels? And when were they written? By some historian after the death of Christ? Or are these Gospels merely myths and legends handed down to us from a civilization that existed long before the time of Christ?

At last you can get the FACTS about Christ and the Christian Church in a startling new book just off the press called "A Shield Has Two Sides" written by the eminent author, scholar and historian Wallace Stockwell.

Here is a book for people who are not afraid to look reality in the face! A book for men and women who refuse to wear mental blinders! It reveals TRUTHS about the Christian Church of today—both Catholic and Protestant—that will shock many. For it pulls no punches and presents facts known to but few.

"A Shield Has Two Sides" is not sold through bookstores for reasons you will readily understand after you have read the first few pages. But the Publishers will gladly send a copy on approval to any sincere seeker of knowledge over 21, who seeks unbiased facts about the Christian Church and how it functions today. Dramatic illustrations. Send only $1.00 in full payment.

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NEW REPUBLIC

wasted on trash, provide "All the King's Men" with a solid base of craftsmanship.

But the glory of the picture is the performance given by Broderick Crawford as Willie Stark, the woolhat boy who lifted himself to the governor's mansion on the galluses of his fellow hicks. Crawford, by force of personality and superior acuteness as an actor, has been stealing pictures from bigger names for some time (his latest achievement in this line was in "Anna Lucasta"). Now, in a picture of his own, he contributes a new portrait to Hollywood's very small gallery of great creative roles.

Willie Stark was not a simple man and it takes a subtle man to measure him. He preached, and he believed, that what was good for the rednecks was good for Willie, and it was some time before either he or they understood precisely what that meant. The single flaw in Crawford's dissection of Stark, as a matter of fact, is that he is conscious too early in the game of his own obsessive demagogy. It was the essence of the Louisiana dictator, as Warren saw him, that he genuinely wanted to do well by his people; indeed, this may be true of all dictators of the "popular-democratic" breed. The trouble is that they demand adoration and blind loyalty as the price of their benevolence, that they will bestow it even then only when they stand personally to gain, and that no laws, codes or established taboos are permitted to block the growing hunger of their self-glory. But it can take some time for the poison of this megalomania to become apparent, and Crawford's Stark would have been dramatically still more effective if he had not sold out to himself quite so soon.

Even so, his impact is formidable. Crawford is a big, primitively articulated man, but he does not just use his bulk to smash through a part; he employs small gestures—his eyes, his fingers, the set of his shoulders and the texture of his laugh—with a delicate mastery that is astonishingly effective in so large a man. His evocation of a folk hero in whom an original coarseness of ethical judgment grew into a raging malignancy that dislocated a whole state and brought disaster to everyone who touched it intimately will not soon be matched on the screen.

The other personalities of Warren's richly populated novel have necessarily been held back in the movie, but two of them, Jack Belden, the narrator, and Sadie Burke, the neurotically tough secretary, are given enough in the round to indicate the kind of people who were attracted to Willie Stark by admiration and hope and stayed with him through fascination and fear. John Ireland, as Belden, is a little too much the cynical newspaperman who stakes so much in his last bet on human nature that he lacks the courage to call the game. He plays a type and he pales out before the blaze of Crawford's individuality. On the other hand, Mercedes McCambridge, as Sadie Burke, is honestly arresting, but she resorts to flycatching to keep herself in the picture. This is her first movie (she is known in radio for her work in "Studio One," "Inner Sanctum" and other serial dramas) and she is a little too eager to be remembered. The other actors—Joanne Dru, Shepperd Strudwick, Katharine Warren, Raymond Greenleaf, Walter Burke, and a lot more, are admirably directed and are obviously working with a personal conviction and seriousness rare in pictures. If they are adequate, that is not said in the depreciating sense, but because that is all they are permitted to be in Crawford's superb tragedy of self-corruption and ruin.

"The Fallen Idol" comes as close to completely satisfying entertainment as we have had, or are likely to have, this season. This British thriller, produced and directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's short story, "The Basement Room," is a work of elegant watchmaking. It has style and perfect taste; it is admirably cast and impeccably directed; it never falters until just at the end, and by then you have been more richly diverted than you had any reason to expect from a movie.

Not to go so much into detail as to spoil your fun, "The Fallen Idol" con-

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cerns the relationship between Baines, major domo of the French embassy in London (Ralph Richardson), and Félipe, the ambassador's lonely eight-year-old son (Bobby Henrey). These two share a frightening experience when Mrs. Baines (Sonia Dresdel) dies of a fall in circumstances that cannot be satisfactorily explained to Scotland Yard without involving Baines's sweetheart (Michele Morgan). The tragic incident works out all right in the end, but not without some damage to the boy. He has been asked to keep too many secrets, to tell too many protective lies; he has been drawn too far into the labyrinth of adult behavior. He pays with his innocence for a lot of grown-up foolishness.

Ralph Richardson, one of the most dynamic of modern actors and a man quite capable of clearing the stage with a twitch of his shoulders, must have been taxed to assume the recessive personality of a superior servant and to temper his power to a child's strength of response. He succeeds wonderfully well, though he does resort to whispering and at times infects the entire cast (particularly the gentlemen from the Yard) with an apologetic mumbling.

Bobby Henrey is the first child actor I have ever seen who manages to be appropriately babyish without becoming insipid. Reed has scored a real triumph of decent poignancy with the boy; it will be a bad day for us all, though, if less talented directors try the same tricks with less intelligent children. Michele Morgan has that obligatory part with which little can be done. She effaces herself as the plot requires, and when she is asked to come forward is natural and beautiful to look upon. Sonia Dresdel, the one failure in the film, is plain trying; her method is to out-Medusa Medusa. Miss Dresdel is said to come from the Old Vic, but her contorted face and steaming black tresses look more like Grand Guignol.

"The Fallen Idol" dies out in the last ten minutes and leaves you, if you have been watching attentively, vaguely dissatisfied. This happens for the old reason that the script writer (in this case Greene himself) has trifled with the original ending without tracing back into the narrative th implications of his carpentry. Greene wrote his story shrewdly, with a host of details building to an inescapable climax. The really quite terrible conclusion has now been removed so that we shall not be disturbed in our relaxation, but the little hints and incidents leading to it are retained. And, probably by ironic accident, the movie title emphasizes precisely what has been eliminated. Reed and Greene would have done better to rewrite entirely or to trust us with the original impact. But, in any case, they have done well.

Much the weakest of the three pictures is "Fame Is the Spur," from Howard Spring's novel of the same name. It belongs in the group at all only because, like "All the King's Men," it is a searching study of the consequences of weakness in high authority (the model in this case is Ramsay MacDonald). Spring's book had the creakings and stiffness of an English chronicle novel; the picture has the episodic jerkiness, the elaborate makeup to mark the years; the staged "big moments," the heavy foreshadowing and obvious symbolism of an English chronicle movie.

Michael Redgrave, as the people's champion who forgot the people because he never really loved them as he loved himself, shows a little of MacDonald, perhaps, but a good deal more of Redgrave. He has one of the most assertive faces, one of the most intractable sets of mannerisms, on the stage or screen today. He seems more like one of those giants of old repertory who could play a bewildering number of roles because one commanding presence, and a wardrobe of wigs, would do for them all.

Still, "Fame Is the Spur," though it postures too much and leads you by the nose more than it takes you by storm, is a decently constructed study of an always engrossing theme. In lesser company it would look much better.

ROBERT HATCH

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FALL BOOK NUMBER

Covering the current publishing season

An outstanding characteristic of this season's books is the number of authoritative works on the Soviet Union and Russian life and literature. Next week the New Republic will publish a special review section, devoted to Fall Books but with primary reference to the new books on Russia. Among the reviewers in the Russian section will be these highly qualified authors:

DR. ERNEST SIMMONS
JOSEPH BARNES
DR. ABRAM BERGSON
PROF. E. H. CARR
RICHARD LAUTERBACH
JULIAN TOWSTER

Among other contributors: MALCOLM COWLEY on the younger American novelists, DOUGLAS BUSH, of Harvard, on recent works of criticism.

81st Congress
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What Congress did and did not do, with charts showing the votes of every member of the House and Senate on 15 crucial issues

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